

Sweet and Sour

By Za Graves



Apple Butter
For awhile today I thought my followers would have to look elsewhere for a bit of folklore to kill a few minutes of time with. When I went to my memory box it was empty. Not a shred of one was to be found, so thinking I had probably hid them somewhere else or the demon of age (loss of memory) devoured them, probably the latter, I closed up the word processor and headed for the kitchen.

Then I heard Polly and Chuck in the kitchen. Their cheery voices brought reality back and when they told me they had brought something that would keep me busy awhile I knew their instincts for my need of something to do in time of stress had alerted them. So here they were with several containers of peeled and sliced apples ready to be made into apple butter. Chuck had told me a few days earlier they were drying apples from the trees on the farm, I offered to make apple butter if he would bring some of them to me. So here they were, apples from the very trees I had watched grow from seedlings into old crippled ones that still had the courage to put forth fruit. They were from trees Mat had ordered our first year on the farm, and his hired hands had planned heler shelter after removing the tags so we never knew for sure which tree was bearing what. But one thing we did know, from the

stepped in front of me and calmly reached up and plucked it, took a big bite and called to his father, a short distance away, "Look Pa, what I found. It is the only one on the tree, and boy is it ever a good one. (The urge to kill was strong, maybe if his dad hadn't been there a little boy's corpse would have been found in my front yard with a half eaten red apple clutched between his teeth.)"

That tree usually bears apples every two years, I never found out what kind it was, but the quality and quantity of the fruit is borne as unbelieveably. When it ripened the multi-colored red skin would burst and reveal an almost red tinted meat inside filled with bursting with tart juice. I call this my apple-butter. The apple butter made from it seemed to absorb all the qualities of color and quaint flavor no other apple had.

Then there was my apple-sauce tree. The tree farmed up in the yard also had an exceptional quality of flavor and quantity. The apples on it were almost transparent in color and

the meat inside was white with clear juice dripping from every slice when it was cut. The large smooth, thin skinned, apples were easily peeled and apple-sauce made from them was almost pure white with a flavor that didn't need sugar to enhance it. For years I sent two dozens pint jars of it to share with Mother Graves, after she commented, that it was the best apple-sauce she had ever eaten.

I could sit here and bemoan the fate of two important apple trees I watched grow up, produce shade for the weary, limbs to climb on for the young, and fruit for the hungry before reaching maturity and blown down by an unfriendly wind storm. But that is life, not only for nature but for mankind as well.

"Life hands are the devils workshop" brought something to keep them busy. Now I have a pan of apples ready to put in the oven and when it is ready I'll take care of my apple-butter and you have something to read.

identifies him with the downtrodden of the world. Cash knows what it is like to be the bottom of humanity's heap. The "hard-scrabble" life he lived growing up in Arkansas led to a sensitivity to the struggles of his fellow human beings. He has become a true "poet of the people."

Johnny Cash seems to me to be an authentic human being. Someone is authentic when the outer image that he projects is the same (or nearly the same) as who he is inside. An authentic person does not pretend to be something he or she is not. An authentic person knows himself or herself and does not engage in games, sham or trickery when in the presence of others.

In order to be authentic, one must be, Fully and Cheek, working!"

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor:
Although Christians claim they are less likely to kill because their God commands them not to kill, there exists the distinct possibility that they will, indeed, kill, if they think their God tells them to. We've seen it before, throughout history.

See, I know killing is wrong because my reason tells me it's wrong, but the only thing keeping a Christian

from killing is, apparently, the Commandment not to kill. Now, some people, mostly Christians, will take this to be an outrageous statement. Of course! Nobody won't kill! How silly!

But then, may I ask, why did David kill Goliath? Sincerely, James L. Hartley Henderson, KY

"What Is Written"

I received an article from a brother that he saw in the newspaper, entitled "8 Compelling Reasons Why Christ Is Coming Very Soon!" Let's notice 2 passages Matt 24:36, "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." And again in 1 Thess 5:1-2, "But of the times and seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night."

These 2 texts make it perfectly clear we do not know when the Lord is coming. There are NO SIGNS given concerning when the Lord is coming. The article said that there are "167 converging clues" that give evidence that he is soon coming. The Lord could come any moment, or he could come 1000 years from now. NOBODY in this world knows. If folks would just believe God, they would not be misled by these false prophets. Jesus has promised to return. In 14:3, and I believe it's promised. But nobody makes it perfect. So, the expectation is to always be ready for his return. This is done by becoming a Christian and living a faithful life unto the Lord. Are you ready for his return? Are you ready to die? Let us know if you can help.

Providence Church (KCN)
Dan McKibben-758-0316. E-mail: Dan.McKibben@Juno.com
Web Page: <http://www.hypaction.net/providence>
Time of Services: Sunday 10am Bible Study, Worship 10:40 & 7pm, Wednesday 7:30pm. Radio program: Sunday 8am, 14:00 AM

Rockcastle Community Bulletin Board

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TOPS
(Take off Pounds Sensibly) TOPS meets Thursday at 6 p.m. at Brodhead Christian Church basement on Main St. in Brodhead. For more info, call 1-800-932-TOPS or locally 758-4047.

Bookmobile Schedule
Tentative Schedule
Mon., Sept. 18th: Calloway, Red Hill, Livingston, Lenoir.
Tues., Sept. 19th: Pine Hill, Maple Grove, Clinch, Three Links.
Wed., Sept. 20th: Spiro, Level Green, Willilias.

Kiwanis Club
The Rockcastle Kiwanis meets Thursday at noon at the Kaslin Inn Restaurant. All visitors are welcome.

Marine Corps League
Bluegrasses Chapter 1012 of the Marine Corps League meets every fourth Thursday of the month at the Igloo Club at the Bluegrasses Army Depot. For more info call Jack Dimer at 269-7310 or Nathan Seals at 256-0741.

VA Rep Here
VA representative will be at the Rockcastle County Courthouse the first and third Thursdays of each month behind County Judge/Executive's office from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Conway TOPS
TOPS (Take off pounds sensibly). We are celebrating with a Hawaiian Open House Thursday, August 31st at 7 p.m. For more info, call 256-2633, 256-9448 or 1-800-932-TOPS. TOPS meets every Thursday at 6:30 p.m. at BRVFD.

R.A.A.P. Meeting
Rockcastle Adoption Agency for Pets Inc. meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p.m. Help build an animal shelter in Rockcastle County. Call Terry at 758-9202 or Vickie 256-5183 for directions.

RCHS SBDM
The RCHS SBDM Council will hold its regular monthly meetings on the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p.m. in the RCHS Conference room.

The Family Room

By Dr. Don Whitthead

August 5, 1996 (3)
You Can Go Home Again
They say, "You can't go home again," but a few months ago I did. Home for the first eighteen years of my life was Centertown, Kentucky. Located in Ohio County, Centertown is not exactly a booming metropolitan area: three hundred people on a good day and not very exciting. One visitor described it as the only cemetery he had ever seen with street lights.

The three-hour drive passed quickly as I listened to the Stalder Brothers' "Class of '57" and other songs about the past. I crossed the unused railroad track, passed a couple of tile coal trucks, and made my way into town. "Towns" consists of one bank, a convenience food mart, one funeral home, a gas station and one beauty shop.

My first stop was the cemetery. This was my main reason for returning: I came to talk to Dad. There is something about being in that place that makes me feel closer to him. Snow was still on the ground as I made my way down the hill to his grave. I cleared the snow of his tombstone and spent the next hour thinking and talking.

Graveyards are wonderful places: quiet, tranquil and conducive to thinking, especially on a day when there is four inches of snow on the ground. I

had the place pretty much to myself. As I stood looking at Dad's grave, I shifted my gaze a little to the right and saw his father's grave, another slight shift of my eyes, and I could see my great grandfather's grave. Three generations were buried within a few feet of each other. Another of my great grandfathers is buried on the other side of the hill.

As I stood amidst the headstones, I felt a connection with them. I also felt a deep sense of gratitude to my father and the others: they worked hard to give me opportunities that they never had. Dad had no chance to go to college. He graduated from high school in the midst of the Great Depression and immediately went to work to support his wife and three children and sisters. He did, however, make certain that his son and daughter had the opportunity to attend college.

When I finished visiting with Dad, I drove around town. Almost every street and corner carried a memory of me: playing ball with Rex, science experiments with Jerry and recess on the playground. Not all memories are pleasant. I saw the house where my first girlfriend lived. She died of cancer several years ago.

"Things get complicated when you get past eighteen," sang the Stalder Brothers. So true. So true. I do welcome your comments and questions about this column or others in this weekly series. You may contact me in Somerset at 679-4134 or call toll free at 1-877-PASTORS. My e-mail address is dwhitthead@aya.yale.edu. You may look up recent columns on the web at www.mtydenwhiteheadhomepage.com. I would like to hear from you.

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